THE

Hindu Message

A Weekly Review of Indian and World-Problems from the Hindu Standpoint.

Editor: T. K. Balasubrahmanya Aiyar, B.A.

Registered No. M. 1304.

Vol. XII., No. 18] THURSDAY OCTOBER 4, 1923. [Price : 2 As.

Registered No. M. 1304.

Annual Subscription. Rs. 6

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The Hindu Message stands for

(1) Self-Government for India within the British Commonwealth,

(2) Co-operation with the different communities of India without prejudice to Hindu Dharma,

(3) Education of the Hindus as an integral part of the Indian Nation,

(4) Advancement of Material prosperity on a spiritual basis and

(5) Dissemination of pure Hindu Culture.

Annual Subscription, Including Postage Rs. 6 only.

Single copy As. 2 only.

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A Vision of India.

INDIA'S PLACES OF PILGRIMAGE: KALATI.

By K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, B.A., B.L.,

Ah where was found the sovereign remedy
For life's unending and repeated ills?
Whose sight the brooding mind with calmness fills
And dowers the heart with tranquil ecstacy?
Ah where was born thought's heavenly melody
Whose holy charm in souls true peace instils?
Which is the focus of divergent wills?
Ah which but Sankara's pure Kalati!
Ah here was born the man before whose gaze
Were bared all earth's and heaven's deep mysteries
And who in fragments saw the glow of All.
I see his lotus eyes and calm pure face
And feel full of unwonted inner peace
And hear his keen and ringing Godward call.

Great Thoughts.

The mariner observes the progress he makes only by the way in which objects on the coast fade away into the distance and apparently decrease in size. In the same way a man becomes conscious that he is advancing in years when he finds that people older than himself begin to seem young to him.

Disillusion is the chief characteristic of old age; for by that time the fictions are gone which gave life its charm and spurred on the mind to activity; the splendours of the world have been proved null and vain; its pomp, grandeur and magnificence are faded. A man has then found out that behind most of the things he wants, and most of the pleasures he longs for, there is very little after all; and so he comes by degrees to see that our existence is all empty and void. It is only when he is seventy years old that he quite understands the first words of the Preacher; and this again explains why it is that old men are sometimes fretful and morose.

From the standpoint of youth, life seems to stretch away into an endless future; from the standpoint of old age, to go back but a little way into the past; so that, at the beginning, life presents us with a picture in which the objects appear a great way off, as though we had reversed our telescope; while in the end everything seems so close. To see how short life is, a man must have grown old, that is to say, he must have lived long.

A friend in need, as the saying goes, is rare. Nay, it is just the contrary; no sooner have you made a friend than he is in need, and asks you for a loan.

Schopenhauer.

Events of the Week

In our notes last week in regard to the settlement of the Italo-Greek dispute by the Council of the League, we had occasion to suggest that the League is but a sham and is no effective instrument for making or ensuring peace among the nations. Our position will be clear on a reference to the Treaty of Peace which was signed by all the Powers, including Italy and Greek. The relevant passages are as follow:—*Article 12.* "The *Members of the League* (of Nations) agree that if there should arise between them any dispute likely to lead to a rupture, they will submit the matter either to arbitration or to enquiry by the Council, and they agree in no case to resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the report by the Council." *Articles* 13 and 15 are to the same effect, entering into greater detail. *Article* 16 then proceeds—"Should any Member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13, or 15, it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations.........It shall be the duty of the Council in such case to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective Military, Naval, or Air force the Members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect (or enforce) the covenants of the League."

* * *

Journalistic jealousy and rivalry to catch subscribers were set down near a decade ago by Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee of the "Modern Review" as the besetting sins of Indian newspaper men. We are reminded of this when we note what a bad press the proscription of the "Hindu" by the Nizam has had in the metropolis. The vernacular press has on the whole acquitted itself much more creditably than the English. The question at issue was very simple. An experienced journalist, not unhonoured by this State itself, contributed a series of articles to our contemporary under the caption, "Hyderabad Today." So far as we have been able to see, the newspaper neither upheld nor condemned the writer's views, but confined itself merely to its function of a publicity agent. It threw open its columns to the almost interminable correspondence that Mr. Nihal Singh's articles gave rise to. The State issued a communique contradicting Mr. S. Nihal Singh's articles. There by all rights the matter might well have stopped. But no, the Nizam's advisors wanted to teach the journalist a lesson and forthwith cut off their nose to spite the face of the newspaper. The Princes Protection Act is an indication that, even a point of law stretched could not come to the Nizam's favour. Hence what has pleased the Nizam. The rights and wrongs of the articles not being in question and the issue being manifestly one that affects the status and duties of a self-respecting journalist, one would have expected the metropolitan press to take up the question seriously. But no; the aforementioned good qualities of Indian Pressmen explains the spectacle we see. The "Madras Mail" very properly said not a word, it not being its business on a narrow, chauvinistic interpretation which is all that in matters of this kind an Anglo-Indian newspaper can rise to. The "Daily Express" is an amorphous newspaper, which has the happy knack of agreeing with all of us in turn and very properly also it did not take notice of "the thing." Dr. Besant's "New India" presumably smelt it and threw its head back in disgust at the small meal, which did not lend itself to skilful adaptation to what Dr. Besant did here or elsewhere. The "Svarajya" waited a day or two to make up its mind: the outspoken article of "Justice" probably shamed it into speech and the result was that three days later the Broadway journal came out, apropos of almost nothing in particular, with the sage advice about the formation of a Press Association. Thus are metropolitan journalists busy in keeping up the reputation of journalism, even when the question relates to their common and indubitable rights.

* * *

The cost of living index number for India which stood in 1921 at 177 had come down to 153 in July last, whereas the index number for the United Kingdom in the same month stood at 169. This shows that living in India has become comparatively cheaper than in the United Kingdom. Notwithstanding this it is frequently asserted that there has been a steady increase in the cost of living "so far as British Officials, both civil and military are concerned." If for those who live in the verge of starvation, life has become cheaper as was argued when doubling the salt tax, *a fortiori* the cost of living for those who get fat salaries must also have decreased. The talk of "steady increase in the cost of living" is therefore but unashamed hypocrisy.

* * *

In our leading article last week we dealt with the two most important questions that the Special Congress was called upon to solve. But they were not all. The new orientation in Congress policy is further emphasised by the resolution to boycott British goods. No doubt the rush of feeling and passionate protest let loose by the Kenya decision has given to this nostrum a quite adventitious importance. But is a boycott of British goods practicable? Our Liberal friends at one time threatened to adopt this as a working programme. The history of the collapse of the Svadeshi movement ought to be a warning. No economic movement can ever succeed by any amount of faked moral enthusiasm. The result of the Svadeshi agitation was that Bombay mill-owners made enormous profits and the poor consumer did not get the benefit of it. We can well imagine the glee with which the capitalist in Bombay and elsewhere rubs his hands that the Lord, what with the Tariff Commission and other things, has delivered the people into his hands. The boycott is a futile weapon and will only break the back of the poor.

* * *

A motion for independence, which Hazrat Mohini had brought into a certain vogue in Congress circles, was deservedly lost—yet not without a considerable number in its favour. One of the surprises of the debate was that Maulana Mohammed Ali had the sanity to remark that it was both childish and petulant, though his other arguments were mere trash. This has incensed a new fire-eating daily at Lucknow conducted by one of those *condottieri* of liberty a big movement often throws upon the surface in such large numbers. This sapient scribe has no doubt that India is tomorrow fit for independence and that at Cocanada all will be set right. It would be cruel to wake the writer from the Paradise in which he and his kind find congenial abode.

* * *

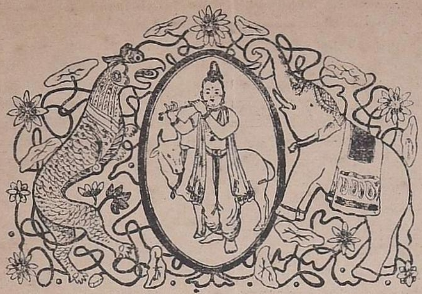
Lala Lajpat Rai has often spoken in diverse voices—as anybody who goes through his record can see. Yet an astonishing series of sacrifices and the noble restraint of his conduct during an earlier crisis and the almost vindictive attitude of the authorities towards him, combined with a high austerity of character, have made him one of the towering figures in our politics. And it is well that he has come out with his warning in regard to the civil disobedience resolution of the Congress. We hope those loud talkers will swallow his straightforward hit that generally those who talk do not act. "Direct action without proper safeguards and a proper atmosphere is a most dangerous thing to be undertaken". Further the resolution, he says, was neither happily conceived nor happily worded. Maulana Mohammed Ali will, we are sure, set aside with his generous impatience even the views of Lala Lajpat Rai opposing the resolution on behalf of the Punjaub.

* * *

The telegrams give the welcome news that Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya will contest a seat in the forthcoming elections for the Legislative Assembly. The country knows the Panditjee as an excellent politician, a pure and sincere Svadeshist, an ardent patriot of the very highest order. Had his cool, solid, far-sighted wisdom been combined with the rushing, impetuous, inspired personality of Mr. Gandhi, it is doubtful if there would have come on the Congress its present moral and intellectual degradation.

* * *

We notice, as we conclude these notes that the "New India" has somehow managed to put in a word against the Nizam's action in proscribing the *Hindu*. Better late than never is a good working maxim.



The Hindu Message

"The Regeneration of Africa."

The Kenya question and its reverberations have done one distinct service and that is they have brought to the front and called the public attention of the world to the plight of the Natives of Africa. "The treatment of the natives in the Transvaal has been disgraceful—it has been brutal—," said the elder Chamberlain in the House of Commons in October, 1899, "it has been unworthy of a civilised power." And in order to carry out the responsibilities towards the native races that devolved on Great Britain, she was currently said to have engaged in the Boer War. Since then at no time has such a fierce light beat on the natives of Africa and their treatment by the Whites as at the present day. Many circumstances have combined to produce this desirable result—desirable in this sense that the White man's pretensions to a "mission" of civilising the natives is seen in its ugly reality, but certainly undesirable in that such publicity not unnaturally increased the danger to the natives. Kenya was the immediate cause of public interest in this country awakening in regard to natives of Africa. The "rebellion" of the Hottentot tribe of Blondels in the mandated territory in East Africa was another. Stray cases like that of Kitosh who was deliberately done to death for a trivial cause or of another native, as newspapers report, have on them every indication of the general attitude of the African Whites towards the natives.

But, were evidence needed that the so-called mission of the Whites in Africa is no philanthropic task but arises from out of the relentless, cold, calculating instinct of the exploiter and the capitalist, such is forthcoming in an article that appears in the current number of the *United Empire*, the organ of the Royal Colonial Institute. The writer, Mr Alfred Wigglesworth is a worthy gentleman who has no doubt in his own mind how best "the regeneration of Africa" is to be achieved. There however seems to be some trouble; for the Editor of the journal leads us to infer that there is some trouble with the native, as there always is with these low, under-bred, unlucky races who do not know what is good for them. Says the Editor, "Certain educated blacks, it is true, are using their advantages in a way which does not make for contentment and peace." Whose "contentment and peace" the Editor of the *United Empire* has very discreetly kept undisclosed. The meaning however lies on the surface. The educated black is himself discontented with his lot in a country where his land is almost often expropriated and he is further reduced to the position of a slave working hard for his food. This does not make for peace surely and he kicks up a row, or—what Sir Frederic Lugard with no nonsense about him says—he carries on an "insidious anti-White propaganda." This, as we can see clearly, disturbs the contentment and peace of the White settler and it is only natural that the White should now and then teach the native what the Mission aforesaid means.

We are sorry we have kept Mr. Alfred Wigglesworth and his poundsworth advice unattended so far. "The problem before the civilised world," says this worthy, "is the utilisation to the highest purpose of the fertile lands of Africa." Seeing that such lands ought by all rights to belong to the native, this partakes of a criminal instinct on the part of the "civilised" powers. But civilisation in its possessors, like the shadow of a cathedral steeple, would seem to cover a multitude of sins, and unashamed brigandage is a small thing. Hist to the brigand and loot instinct in the following words: "Land is *available without limit*, and tens of thousands of able men now wasting time at home are keen to seek out lands *remote from the tax-collector* and far from the atmosphere of political intrigue and Government interference." Who dare now deny that the civilised people are not a firm of philanthropists working in the interests of the natives of Africa. But let us try to keep in step with our worthy: "Unlimited demands will be put upon labour and the *dolce far niente* of the African is doomed to disappear,"—assuming, we believe, that there will be left any Africans in this delightful process of supplying slave labour for the "civilised" vampire. "Africa must," our worthy has no doubt, "awaken from its torpor and by wise policy and sound counsel"—such for example as that otherwise

Africa will be unlucky and will be bombed—"the European must attract the native to a keener appreciation of those pursuits which he now follows in a slipshod, haphazard fashion."

Mr. Wigglesworth, whose aims are worthy of an empire-breaker, has no doubt about the obstacles in his way and has the manliness to avow that all nonsense about altruism and all that wobbling about "trust" etc., must be scrapped courageously. A man of sense, this polysyllabic worthy. Labour is a very serious problem, he lucidly analyses the position, and granted cheap enough labour, why every man has the making of a Rhodes in him. "The accepted doctrine," says this worthy sniffing the air with superior disdain, "is that the European Governments are trustees of the natives, and protect him from coercion on the part of planters. But"—every good doctrine is capable of excesses and so,—"it is a mistake to grant complete exemption to the natives whose wants are so exiguous that a few days labour in a year are sufficient to provide their needs." That is exactly the thing which General Smuts thoroughly understood and he went about in a soldier-like way to wean the Bondels from their idleness. And at the first sign of restlessness, a "rebellion" was scented and the unlucky Bondels were knocked all the nonsense out of them. But this is a humane gentleman, is Mr. Alfred Wigglesworth. And he would, after expropriating all lands, find "ways and means of encouraging him to work for his living." He will foster in the native "a desire for luxuries: gramophones, bicycles, clothes etc." And when the poor fellow becomes sufficiently broken, he will induce him with "the chance of rising eventually to take some modest share in the management of local affairs." He will not offer them grape-shot in the manner of that realist, General Smuts, but only "dope" and unlimited doses of it as befits a philanthropist.

Such is the capacity for self-delusion of this Honest Worth that he actually winds up his article with the following exordium. "The White man must shoulder his burden, and must decide in friendly council the lines to be followed in developing Africa. The native should be left scope for his individuality, and under wise guidance his labours will bear good fruit"—for the exploiting capitalist. And yet people wonder in all owlish innocence of sin why the educated native carries on "an insidious anti-White propaganda."

That it is not the existing conditions in the Indian Medical Service that are responsible for the paucity of British candidates for the service but something else, appears from the fact that the Royal Army Medical Corps too is failing to attract British youths. According to *Truth*, last spring the entrance examination for the R. A. M. C. produced only four candidates for fifteen vacancies, while at the examination held last month only three candidates offered themselves—one from Scotland and one from Ireland. No examination was held, says *Truth*; the examiners who had been brought to London for the purpose were dismissed and the three candidates were rushed into the R. A. M. C. through the open door. The real reason of the disinclination of the British youths to enter the R A M C. lies, according to *Truth*, in the prevailing congestion in the higher ranks and the consequent slow promotion in the entire service. There is a whole army of retired and temporary colonels and lieutenant-colonels still employed and until these are got rid of the chances of promotion in the junior grades will be remote. It is reform in this direction that would seem most urgently to be called for, whether in the R. A. M. C, or the I. M. S.

Literary and Educational.

Literature and its Lessons.

By P. ANANTHASWAMY.

[A Lecture delivered at *Karamanai*, Trivandram.]

(*continued.*)

Literature encourages a spirit of inquiry into matters affecting us both here and hereafter. It has been supposed that the spirit of enquiry, if encouraged, would undermine the foundations of faith and make us apathetic, atheistic and heretical. Nothing could be further from the truth. A little reflection tells us that the spirit of inquiry is, as Lord Morley truthfully observes, the life of all true faith. "It is the power of giving up that which we in our best and most honest moments know to be no longer true. It is the readiness to replace the less perfect, however dear, however sacred it may have been to us, by the more perfect, however much it may be detested as yet by the world. Without this atheism, religion would long ago have become a petrified hypocrisy."

Literature enforces and emphasises the value and importance of self-reverence, self-knowledge and self-control. In doing our allotted task on earth we are brought face to face with all sorts and conditions of men and women. Their passions and prejudices cut and cross our efforts and herein comes the necessity for self-control which alone can and will enable us to see life steadily and see it whole. They who "moving others are themselves as stone" are the right inheritors of "Heaven's graces." Hamlet states this in emphatic terms in explaining his regard for Horatio, the man

"Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she pleases. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, aye, in my heart of hearts,
As I do thee."

It is only the realisation of self that can take us to the Mount Everest of eternal beatitude. Rabindranath Tagore has beautifully expressed this lofty truth thus:—

"The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the whole world and dances in rhythmic measures.

"It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers.

"It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean-cradle of birth and of death, in ebb and in flow.

"I feel my life is made glorious by the touch of this world of life. And my pride is from the life-throb of ages dancing in my blood this moment."

(*Gitanjali*).

Good literature helps us to understand and solve the obstinate questionings concerning our life in this world. Bodily and mental illusions beset us; this *Maya* encircles us on every side. Literature points out our way of escape by the performance of selfless and disinterested service. It vindicates the value of human efforts and indicates that the casting vote as regards their results, is in the hands of God. Longfellow makes this clear in his *Psalm of Life*:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
"But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
"Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!
"Trust no future, however pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead."

Man must hence be a seeker, facing adventures brave and new; he must strive and thrive, if thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek.

Good literature teaches with imperative insistence the need for performing our duties honestly and well; and it gives a salutary stimulus when we are discouraged and confidence in our dismay or despair. We are a part of the universal cosmos and we owe a duty to all its denizens, irrespective of rank, class, creed or colour. Elizabeth Barret Browning says:—

"The Sweetest lives are those to duty wed
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The book of life the shining record tells."

Duty should hence be the key-note of our life. Literature abounds with examples of men and women who pursued with pleasure the steep path of duty and won ever-lasting fame and glory. The Roman soldier found at his post among the ruins of Pompeii; the cultured and noble Anna Carney who went on board to rescue the ship-wrecked; Florence Nightingale who, in the dread depth of a Crimean winter, devoted herself to the holy work of chastening and softening the sorrows and sufferings of war and whose loving step and gentle hand spared many a sick man's life and dismissed others peacefully to their rest; Miss Cavell who watched and nursed the wounded with more than parental solicitude; Wilberforce who tolled the death-knell of slave trade; Cardinal Borromeo in 1515 at Milan and Bishop Belzene in 1721 at Marseilles who braved the perils of those plague-stricken cities and who stood fearless and unwearied in the midst of the deadly sickness; Hugo of Avalon who visited and consoled loathsome lepers; George Monk, the king-maker of the XVII. century who unflinchingly stuck to his post of duty during the terrible pestilence that swept over London in 1665; John Howard the philanthropist who, reckless of infection, alleviated the miseries of prisoners; (and coming home). Sri Rama who renounced his father's throne and joyfully accepted the sorrows of an exile; Sita who kept the citadel of her chastity impregnable to the vile attacks of Ravana the unscrupulous; Savitri who boldly appealed to Yama and regained Satyavan; Chandramati who stood the severest ordeals with calmness and composure;—these are but a few in the long roll of instances of those to whom duty was the breath of their being, the condition of their existence. A high and fine and strong sense of duty is thus the safeguard of individuals and nations and its absence marks their downfall and death. This is a lesson of the highest importance and value and it behoves us to lay it to heart and try to act up to it. I passionately maintain that we have abundant opportunities of doing brilliant, patriotic and unselfish work. The society in which we live, move and have our being bristles with evils which, if allowed to continue, would lead to an explosion of the most dangerous and incalculable kind. The dreadful poverty and illiteracy of the lower classes; the ignorance of sanitary lessons and the death of many therefrom; the heartless demands of *Varasulkam* facetiously known as 'seed-bull price'; the stupid and scandalous combination of studentship and married life which throws a dual strain on the student and impairs his fitness for playing a large and efficient part in life; the play of time-serving and tuft-hunting pursued by the journalism of the country; the filthy, profane and wordy knock-down battles fought by Brahmins and Non-Brahmins;—these and many others which, like vampire-bats, are sucking our very life-blood, might engage our attention. But we should on no account venture beyond our depths or forget that the better part of valour is discretion. Nor should we indulge in that miserable vanity which attempts to magnify itself by deprecating all that has hitherto claimed the sincere homage and passionate admiration of the world. We have at the same time to remember that reverence for antiquity must not be allowed to hamper nor adhesion to the new because it is new. "Affectations of antiquity and novelty" says Bacon in his *Novum Organum*, "are the humours of partisans rather than judgments." As the poet Clough has expressed it:

"Old things need not be therefore true,
O brother men, nor yet the new;
Ah! Still awhile the old thoughts retain,
And yet—consider it again."

Subject to these conditions, let us aim at service which will fashion and perfect your character. Let us endeavour to make men better and happier by adding sunshine to day-light. Lowell says:—

"He's true to God, who's true to man; whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest 'neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base
Where love of right is for themselves and not for all their race.".

What greater or grander motive can we have than this glorious ideal of service, this dignity of labour which Literature incessantly and indefatigably preaches?

Another lesson that Literature teaches is the lesson of truthfulness. It is the back-bone of our character. Our conditions may change, our opportunities may pass, our riches may disappear, our gifts and talents may wither away; but the one quality which never fades but which supports and sustains us through fair weather and foul is truthfulness. Let us therefore stand and shout for "truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth." The Great Hindu Law-giver Manu has said:—"however pleasant the lie it must not be uttered, this is the old Dharma." The anecdote of George Washington's childish display of truthfulness makes us understand why, in after years, he was so perfectly trusted as the "Father of his country": while the sad history of Charles I shows how want of this virtue may ruin an otherwise noble character. Again, the standard of truthfulness set up by the Pandus even when it brought upon them the shame of seeing their wife's modesty publicly outraged; and by Harischandra who, to fulfil his gratuitous promise of untold wealth to a wanton and capricious *Muni*, was subjected to all manner of tribulations including the loss of his throne, the separation from his wife and young son, their being sold into slavery, his own adoption of the meanest of trades as the collector of paltry and loathsome perquisites for a poor and low-born master at a cremation-ground—should purge our minds of their dross and render them radiant and beautiful. Bear in mind what Shakespeare in words of nobler meaning than the Speaker, Polonius, intended, teaches:—

"This above all—to thine own self be true,
And it shall follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

A keen and sincere pursuit of literature furnishes the strongest incentive to the loftiest patriotism. Even a casual study of English Literature in which is faithfully mirrored English life in all its aspects, will not fail to convince any one of the perfect homogeniety of the people and of the strong sense of patriotism which animates all their undertakings. English-men are proud of their race and religion, their customs and sociology, their literature and philosophy; and it is not unusual to hear them exclaim in ecstasy, "England! with all thy faults I love thee still!" What a picture to contrast this with the one that we see in India at the present time! The old Áryan ideal which lifted love of country to the level of religion and which inspired millions of our people into performing strikingly patriotic acts in the past, is mere cant and means nothing to us. The world is too much with us. Our minds have unfortunately become

"An unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!"

We have become swaggerers and swash-bucklers, sophists and sceptics and we fly in the face of those who talk of God and religion and country. Little do we see that God and religion are too subtle and too holy for our test-tube and our crucible, our search-light and our microscope, and that they could be grasped only by faith and love aided by reason, or, in one word, *Bhakti*. Again, we have developed and are developing—I do not at all wish to exclude myself—a most unpatriotic attitude even in respect of such simple matters as modes and habits. We have taken a rapid leap from simple and sanitary dress and tastes to costly and abhorrent fashions. Is all this patriotic? Is it not rather unpatriotic, short-sighted and suicidal? Is not our past the long-noted and fully-tested high water-mark of culture and civilisation? Is not our dress a distinct and distinctive sign and symbol of our nationality? And why, in the name of common-sense should we change it in favour of an un-Indian, unhygienic and uncomfortable dress? Do English-men whom we so sedulously ape, change their habits of dress and taste when they are in India? Do they ever sacrifice their national self-respect for the sake of gratifying petty vanities of dress and taste? Again, are external trimmings and trappings after all so important? Is not the training of the mind, the culture of the emotions, the subordination of the material comforts to the mental and spiritual welfare of man of paramount and perennial concern? What does Shakespeare say?

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:—
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then."

We shall study the world's literature to little purpose if we do not learn *reasonably* to rejoice in and revere whatever is our own and show in conduct and life that before all things and above all things, we are Indian gentlemen. It is only in this way that we could make our motherland truly compact, happy and progressive.

Literature is thus pregnant with thoughts that shake and sentiments that elevate and uplift mankind. He must indeed be dull of soul if the great preachers and teachers of humanity do not give him lessons which will stand him in real stead and which he will always cherish as his priceless possessions. When Shelley sings

"The one remains the many change and pass
Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass stains
The white radiance of eternity, until Death
Tramples it to fragments."

Who is not transfigured absorbed and sublimated by the magic and the music of the lines? Who does not feel his identity with

"That Light whose smile kindles the universe
That Beauty in which all things work and move"?

When Browning asks,

"What is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonised?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?"

we make up our minds to welcome all difficulties and fight them out. When Wordsworth speaks of

"The best portion of a man's life
His little nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and love,"

our hearts are quickened into action and we become fired with the belief that

"God's in His heaven
All's right with the world."

When Tennyson sings,

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite:
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good,"

the song rings in the ear and stirs the heart into a new and better life. And when Rabindranath Tagore says,

"Have you not heard His silent steps, He
comes, comes, ever comes.
Every moment and every age, every day
and every night, He comes, comes, ever comes.
In the fragrant days of sunny April through
the forest path, He comes, comes, ever comes.
In the rainy gloom of July nights, on the
thundering chariot of clouds, He comes, comes,
ever comes."

"In sorrow after sorrow it is his steps that press upon my heart, and it is the golden touch of His feet that makes my joy to shine," do we not feel the potent touch of a Higher Power? Who is it that comes with these haunting steps? Who but not He who manifests himself,

"In the strength of a man, in the beauty of a
woman
In the laugh of a boy, in the blush of a girl"

I could easily multiply instances to illustrate this supremely important lesson of the omnipresence of God but I refrain from doing it at this late hour. I would however point out that the luminous works of Shakespeare and Milton, Shelley and Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning, Carlyle and Emerson, Ruskin and Meredith, Yeats and A. E., Tagore and Sarojini contain lessons of great beneficence which he who runs may read. Again, the rousing dramas of Kalidasa, the spiritual ecstasies of Jayadeva's *Gita Govinda*, the pregnant and practical wisdom of *Hitopadesa*, the Soul-Stirring Sublimities of the *Ramayana* and the *Maha-Bharata*—these interpret and reveal the Soul of India to the world and lead us to the very lotus feet of God.

To be continued.

The Kalakshepam in Hinduism.

(A *Special Address to a Christian audience*)

(continued.)

9. It is rather curious to note that, while the people wanted more and more of kalakshepams, Buddha and his followers were bent upon giving them more and more of dry public speaking *minus* music, for it is a historical fact that the Buddhists and the Jains disfavoured music, in its practical side, on account of their puritanic principles, however much—strange to say—some of them delighted to write on its theory and science, and that both Buddhism and Jainism developed, in their later stage, an extremely perverted view on the philosophy of desire. One of their chief tenets, every schoolboy knows, was the extinction of desire. They worked up this tenet a little too much and argued fallaciously thus:—"the Rose is good but its thorn is bad; since they persist in growing together, both of them must be, alike, discarded.' The idea of plucking the rose and chucking the thorn was not within their purview. Hence, together with the thorn of its baser side, the very rose of music was attempted to be destroyed. Thank God that the Guardians of Humanity deported Buddhism to East Asia and interned Jainism in Mount Abu.

10. With the disappearance of these two enemies of music, Sangitham began to flourish again in India; and with it, the kalakshepam too. While we have to thank Buddha for inaugurating the system of public preaching, we must feel obliged to the various kings of the Gupta period for patronising the system of kalakshepam. "The intelligent patronage," observed V. A. Smith in his *History of India*, "of a series of able and wealthy (Gupta) kings for more than a century had much to do with the prosperity of the arts and sciences." Lectures on Bhakti interspersed with music—the nucleus of modern kalakshepam—were delivered in all temples; and Sanskrit dramas written even by kings, like Sri Harsha, served to give music an operatic turn. Indeed the temples and the theatres became great schools of music, during the Gupta period, which enhanced the value of Bhakti lectures on the one hand and furnished, on the other, a keen interest to the otherwise dry stage-representations. Hence it was that I said that we should feel grateful to the Gupta kings for their kind and intelligent patronage of kalakshepams.

11. Jayadeva's *Gitagovindam*, which appeared in the 12th century, marked a distinct period in the growth of kalakshepam. For it was a lyrical composition celebrating the love between Radha and Krishna and thus gave the anxious people not only materials for public preaching but also sweet music to boot. Even today orthodox preachers attach a very sacred importance to *Ashtapadi* (which is another name for Gitagovindam) and heaven knows with what ecstasy they sing the songs contained in it.

12. With the advent of the Muhammadans in the 13th century, music and, for that matter, kalakshepam began to decline. For the early Muhammadans were not only great iconoclasts but also heartless discouragers of learning and all arts. Fortunately South India was, even in the 13th century, free from any Muhammadan attack; and Allaudin did not yet cross the Narbadda. Of the various South Indian States, the Pandyan kingdom was at its lowest ebb and even the Chola Kingdom lost much of its former splendour. But the Bellals in the South and the Yadavas in the North rose into power and enjoyed eminence.

13. Now, the Aryan music, that left North India for fear of the Muhammadans, was able to reach only the Yadava Kingdom and its further progress Southward was, for the time being, arrested. Hence arose in Dowlatabad, the capital of the Yadava Kingdom, a very great musician, Sharangadev by name, basking in the sunshine of King Simhala (1210—1247), produced that immortal work, *Sangitharatnakara*, which even now stands as the demarcation line between Hindu and Muhammadan periods of Indian music. Hence also arose the Maharattas, the principal inhabitants of West India, in and around the Yadava Kingdom who became enamoured of music and consented to be willing repositories of the sacred institution of kalakshepam. Be it remembered that the tharanganies, dhandies, ovies, and sakies with which the modern South Indian Bhagavathar chooses to delight his audience are all of Maharatta origin.

14. In the next century (14th), music revived in North India. And Lochanakavi's *Ragatharangini* entered its first protest against the ancient *Moorchana-Jathi* system; put an end to the confusion of "three keynotes": proclaimed the supremacy of the modern shadja tonic (middle C); reduced Sharangadev's 22 notes into the modern 12; and inaugurated the *genus-species* system of expounding ragas, which, in the hands of Venkatamakhi, crystallized itself into an unalterable code. Along with this revival of music, kalakshepam too lifted its head up—though it was not recognised as a regular institution, in North India, till Chaitanya's Bhakti revival of the 15th century gave it a fresh impetus.

15. By this time a new school of music, called *Dhrupad* School of Gwalior, came into existence and encouraged only classical music, as opposed to *Tappa* or non-classical music. The deep, slow and long-drawn music of the new school investing, as it did, one and all its hearers with an air of awe and solemnity, was soon ingrafted upon the system of kalakshepam which became thereby immensely enriched.

16. While North Indian kalakshepam had its own vicissitudes under the Moghuls of the 16th and 17th centuries, South Indian kalakshepam went on growing, as has been said, in the hands of the Maharattas and slowly travelled from West India down to our own Presidency and took a stronghold here, from the latter part of the last century. How South Indian kalakshepam travelled from West India even to Tanjore will be clear by a reference to any historical atlas of India, wherein the Maharatta Kingdom, which was powerful in the 17th century under Sivaji and in the next century under the Peshwas, will be found to comprise the whole of West India and the western portion of the modern Central Provinces as well as the scattered tracts of Bellary, Bangalore, Vellore, Arni, Ginji, and last but not least, the fertile delta of the Cauvery with Tanjore as its capital. And again, as to why South Indian kalakshepam flourished, while its North Indian type languished, in the last two centuries, we have but to take notice of the fact that the musical compositions which formed the real and substantial manure to fertilise the field of kalakshepam were plentiful here and rare there. For, while the mania for book-writing* was rampant in North India, the whole of South India was going ahead in the matter of musical composition. Purandra Doss, for example, wrote many a beautiful song in Kanarese. In Travancore, Swathi Thirunal (1829—1847) composed his devotional songs and Govinda Marar (1798—1843) his erudite Varnams. In Thiruvalur, Muthuswami Dikshithar (1775—1835) improvised his famous Sanskrit songs; while, at Tanjore, the epoch-making Thiagaraja (1759—1847) poured out his fascinating krithis.

17. Now, as soon as the Maharatta system of kalakshepam reached Tanjore, it had to dash itself against its formidable rival, the Dravidian system, having its own sacred literature of Thevaram, Thiruppuhal, Thiruvachakam and Thirukural. There arose, at this juncture a celebrated person (for God in the plenitude of His wisdom gives man timely agencies) and remarkable performer of Kalakshepams Krishna Bhagavathar of Tanjore, who brought about, as it were, a chemical combination of the two systems that met at Tanjore and produced a third new system, deprived of all the angularities of its originals. With his keen and observing eyes, he found that, while the songs of the Maharattas were almost short and crisp and excited but emotion, those of the Dravidians were almost long and tedious but inculcated devotion; that the music of both the systems was, all the same, in its recitative—not lyrical—stage; and that the way of story-telling was, in the one, of brain-confusing digression and, in the other, of sleep-producing length. He therefore steered clear of all these defects and even others such as, vulgarities, irrelevancies and staleness, and—like a good Captain—conducted the steamer of kalakshepam, along the ocean of his audience, with the help of the well-regulated steam of religious and devotional stories and the well-equipped sails of lyrical songs as well as with the safety-boats of the Dravidian sacred music literature.

18. The modern Bhagavathars of South India are but imitators, one way or another, of that famous Krishna Bhagavathar. One may be more learned, another may command sweeter voice, and a third may even pride himself on a nimbler leg. But the hard fact remains that all subsequent Bhagavathars have been so many trains, good, bad or indifferent, but all the same running on the rails laid out by that great forerunner. The various ingredients which contribute to the success of a modern kalakshepam are peculiarly his own. The *prathamapadam* or introductory songs to enliven the expectant audience; the *dhrupad* or the deep, slow and long-drawn music to invest the hearers with an air of awe and solemnity; the *upakrama* or the text of the sermon to inform the people of what they are going to have; the telling narration of a story coupled with classical music, to illustrate the text chosen; the witty sub-stories and lighter songs to form a relief for the otherwise monotonous narration; and the *Upasamhara* or conclusion to draw a moral from the original text or from even the story told to illustrate it—all these are today being faithfully followed exactly in the same way as they were first exhibited by that great margadarsi, Krishna Bhagavathar of Tanjore.

19. I said that Krishna Bhagavathar found recitative music but used, in his kalakshepam, lyrical music. Wherefrom did he get the latter? I answer without hesitation that he got it from the facinating krithis of Thiagaraja. Patnam Subramanier and other musicians, pure and simple, were already making use of them. But the Bhagavathars, especially, Krishna Bhagavathar's predecessors were, as a class, conservatives and entertained a doubt whether it would be after all proper on their part to give up their time-honoured recitative music for the new lyrical one. But Krishna Bhagavathar boldly introduced the innovation with the result that the kalakshepam has been since his time, rising more and more into popularity even amongst the classes, as opposed to the masses, for whose benefit it had been, doubtless, originally intended. If as my esteemed friend Rev. H. A. Popley observed in his *Handbook of Lyrical Evangelism*: "Music is a powerful means of creating an atmosphere, and it is a truism that the atmosphere is the most important thing in a religious service;" I contend that lyrical music is a powerful means of creating a purer atmosphere. I am tempted here to take you along the development of Indian music from its recitative stage to the lyrical one. But I fear it is a pretty long story; and I therefore refer you to my Lecture on *Origin and Function of Music* as well as to my *Life of Thiyaraja*.

20. When once the principle of *lyrical* or high class music in the field of kalakshepam was recognised, a mighty revolution set in. The field of music came to be more and more deserted and that of kalakshepam to be more and more overcrowded. Singers, whose musical talents were below the mark for a 'pure and simple' musical performance but above the mark for the purpose of a kalakshepam, thought they could please the classes with their classical music and the masses too with their ordinary folklore. This accounts for the rush, in the beginning of the present century, of such diffident musicians into the field of kalakshepam and also for the idea that whoever despaired to succeed as a Sangitha Vidwan could cut a figure at least as a Bhagavathar. But our people never cared to inquire whether the Bhagavathar was Sangitha Vidwan, pure and simple, but ever extended to him their welcoming hands, if—without descending into vulgarities, irrelevancies and staleness—he could but please them with an interesting exposition of one or more fundamental principles of philosophy and with a telling narration of epic or puranic stories in illustration of those principles, interspersed with sweet music of all varieties, viz, folk-songs, stage-songs, tribal-songs, devotional songs, recitative songs, and above all, lyrical songs and diversified by flashes of wit, humorous short substories, apt examples and apposite quotations from standard authors.

To be continued.

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* While *Chathurdandiprakasika* of 1660 retains its authority in South India unabted even today, *Sangithaparijatha* of 1659 has, of late, been brought, down in North India from its high pedestal into rivalry with Bhavabatta's *Anupasangitharatnakara*, Pratap Singh's *Sangitha Sara*, Muhammad Rezza's *Nagmut-e-Asapti* and quite recently Phatkande's *Lakshya Sangitham*.

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